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FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

BY

A YOUNG LADY.

BATH:

PRINTED BY RICHARD CRUTTWELL,
ST. JAMES'S-STREET.

1828.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LADY ANNABELLA M'LEOD,

THE FOLLOWING

Miscellaneous Poems

ARE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

GRATEFULLY OBLIGED

AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

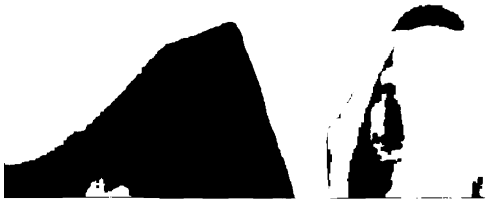
THE AUTHORESS.

PREFACE.

In submitting the following pages to the perusal of my numerous Friends, I am not actuated by any wish of standing forth a candidate for poetical fame, (to which I am well aware the present Work does not entitle me;) but pecuniary motives induced me to solicit the assistance of my liberal friends, for whose generous support I beg they will accept my most grateful thanks. The only apo-

logy I can offer for the poetic faults of my verses is,—their having been chiefly written before I had attained the age of seventeen.

THE AUTHORESS.



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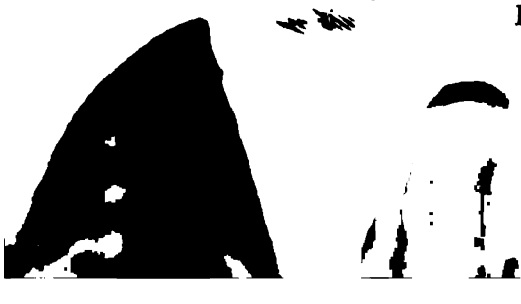

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MY NURSE'S TALE.

How sweet to think on childhood's happy hour,
When varying life was like an April flower!
Now the young plant, oppress'd by sunny tears,
Droops low its head, in fleeting care appears,
Till the bright sun darts forth his genial rays;
Then smiles the landscape, and his love repays.
Thus, thus, is Infancy: for trifling grief
Quick heaves the breast, till tear-drops bring relief.
Indignant and opprest, the infant flies
To some kind friend, who gently soothes its sighs;
'Neath whose caress the little trembler's tears
Glitter with smiles, as sunny dew appears.
Oft, when with some wild tale of fairy pow'r,
My Nurse has strove to cheat the weary hour,
Breathless I've sat to list the visions told,
And smil'd at golden dreams she'd bright unfold.

Ah! yes, I do bethink me of one tale,
To which I've list, with quiv'ring lip and pale,
With tearful eye, and throbbing breast and brow;
So deeply felt, methinks I see thee now,
Thou placid valley, and that quiet spot,
So long unheeded, and so long forgot.
Where stands the ruined cot, forsaken now,
O'ershadow'd, skreen'd, by yonder mountain's brow,
Liv'd two, who valued nought the world could give,
Nor heav'd a sigh, while there content to live.
MARY was hail'd the fairest of the fair;
Blithsome her step, her face devoid of care;
Artless her mind, her feelings kind and mild;
E'en Virtue's self claim'd MARY for her child.
Where sorrow heav'd a sigh, there MARY flew,
And wept in sympathy and feeling true;
Where'er the child of poverty was known,
MARY was there, with kind and tender tone,
Upheld the aged, sooth'd the sufferer's woe,
Then left the grateful tear in peace to flow.
Though small her means, yet still she'd give a part,
And ne'er could steel with selfishness her heart;
And WILLIAM, too, he always wish'd his power
Could save the sufferer in misfortune's hour;
In manly kindness he would stay the tear,
Or bid the smile of hope dispel despair;

Whene'er the storm arose and swept the shore,
And bade the waves arise with hideous roar,
WILLIAM would wind his way amidst the cliff,
And watch, with eager gaze, the coming skiff.
His aid was lent with joy, proud, glad to save
A fellow mortal from a wat'ry grave;
And many a grateful lip would tell the tale
Of WILLIAM's valour to the cottag'd dale.
Why rove I on, as tho' I dread the strain
Which still afflicts my heart with fancied pain?
Why o'er your virtues linger, hapless pair?
Why shed for you the sad tho' useless tear?
Thus oft we rove amid a flow'ry green,
And dread the rougher path in distance seen;
Bend o'er the flow'rs, and praise their varied hue,
And wish for lasting spring they blooming grew.
Tho' they must die, tho' beauteous flow'rs decay,
And Winter's gloom usurps the smiles of May,
Virtue must live, and soar to azure Heaven—
There the unfading crown of glory's given.

One sunny morn, to rob the dangerous seas,
And scud before the health-inspiring breeze,
WILLIAM set sail; his little bark was light,
And soon was lost to MARY's anxious sight.

Musing she stood, upon the shore intent,
Whilst starting tears impede the glance she sent;
And then, as if reluctant, bent her way,
Trembling, yet wishing, for the close of day.
Soon evening came, but darken'd was the sky,
And clouds in sombre anger seem'd to fly;
Low growling thunder mutter'd o'er the rock,
Then burst with nearer and a louder shock;
Vivid the lightning's flashes in their might,
Bright lit the awful deep, and neighb'ring height;
Flash after flash, they lend their aid in vain,
For nought was seen upon the troubled main;
Voice after voice, inquiring for their friend,
Lamenting tears and heartfelt pray'rs they send.
But where was MARY? To the beach she'd flown;
Her beauteous features seem'd to marble grown;
She spake no word; with arms outstretch'd she stood,
And seem'd to court in vain the rolling flood.
But now the flashes, in their awful light,
Display'd a bark to MARY's anxious sight;
On wave upborne it seem'd to reach the shore,
Again the swelling waves it backward bore.
All aid was vain; 'twas WILLIAM's form they knew,
And scarce their breath the anxious crowd they drew.
Another wave has brought him to the beach—
He leaps on shore—life seems within his reach;

Poor MARY rushes frantic in her haste,
And lifeless sinks within his fond embrace;
Struggling, he tries to rush beyond the wave,
Which roaring threatens with a wat'ry grave.
Vain, vain attempt, his life or her's to save;
They sink entomb'd beneath the foaming wave.
A shriek of horror burst from all around,
The rocks receive and echo back the sound;
Mournful they stand, each feels the grief his own,
And seeks with tearful eyes his sadden'd home.

THE MORNING'S DAWN.

Ah! how I watch'd the morn's bright ray,
As gliding o'er the sky;
I hail'd with joy that blushing day,
Yet hail'd it with a sigh.

I bent to catch the sweet'ning breeze
As it play'd o'er my face,
And danc'd amid the quiv'ring trees,
And felt my spirits brac'd.

I listen'd to the tow'ring lark,
Its faintest tone to hear;
And strain'd with anxious eye to mark
The flight it took afar.

I mark'd the valley, which below
The mountain's ledge half hid;
I listen'd to the torrent's flow,
In forest shade amid.

The dawn's dark mist was melting fast,
And new birth seem'd to spring,
As if a latent spell was cast
Upon each living thing.

The early labourer winding round
The wood-capt mountain's base;
I listen'd to his song's gay sound,
And mark'd his cheerful face.

I thought me on the cottage scene
Where health and peace reside;
And then I scann'd my own sad dream,
And sought my parent's side.

I turn'd me from the morning's light,
And bent my anxious gaze—
But yonder what a chilling sight,
And what woe-pangs they raise!

All night I watch'd beside that bed,
With throbbing heart and brow;
And fancied e'en amid the dead,
'Twas silence—such as now.

Soft slumber clos'd the sufferer's eye,
Gentle as infant's sleep;
And not a murmur, not a sigh,
Broke on that silence deep.

Sometimes my spirit rais'd above,
But not a sound was heard;
It was a pray'r of trembling love,
A pray'r unspoke by word.

And such a pray'r I often raise,
When th' heart's too full to speak;
A pray'r of sorrow, or of praise,
Or mercy I would seek.

I drew me near that mournful bed,
And stood a moment there;
I bent me o'er the slumb'rer's head,
To still the rising fear.

Breathless I bent: she breathes not now,
Her spirit's flown away!
Ah! surely death is on that brow—
But art thou gone? speak! say!

Unconsciously the tear-drop fell
And bath'd that marble cheek—
But can I? oh! I cannot tell
That thrilling glance so meek.

She woke—she woke: no frenzy now
Was added to that look;
But calm and placid was that brow,—
And fever had forsook.

My child!—that word—my beating heart,
Throbb'd wildly—throbb'd with bliss,
As if my swelling breast would part,
With too much happiness.

FAREWELL, MY NATIVE SHORES!

FAREWELL! farewell! thou envied spot,
With thy blue waves dancing round thee;
Ah! yes, it is a glorious lot
To love, to live, and die for thee.

Once more farewell! I see thee now,
Thy lowly cot, and lofty hall,
Thy rocky base, and woody brow,
Thy deep blue lake, and waterfall.

Farewell! those hearts of gallant pride,
Which beat with all a patriot's glow;
Who yet would perish by her side,
Rather than yield her to the foe.

I love thee, and thy beauteous shores;
But 'tis a heart which breathes thy praise,
That trembles, as she daring soars,
To name thee in its humble lays.

There is a spot—oh! can I say
Farewell, farewell, to that lov'd home?
My trembling lips will scarce obey
To speak the word, ere yet I roam.

Weep not for me, shed not the tear,
Ah! let not sorrow fade that cheek;
But yet how soothing, and how dear,
The tear when grief forbids to speak.

Weep, then, for me,—a mother's tears
Fall holy on a daughter's head;
Belov'd by thee, I have no fears,
They're flown before the tears you shed.

Protected by an arm above,
I leave my native shores and thee;
Tho' waves divide, tho' forc'd to rove,
He can preserve by land or sea.

Once more, farewell! In humble trust
I lift my anxious heart above;
In pray'r each earthly sorrow must
Sink 'neath a Heavenly Father's love.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

Ah! prithee, wand'ring Stranger, stay,
And drop a flow'ret by the way;
Assist my task, for hard I find
To please each youthful artist's mind.
I fain would gather simples here,
But much the critic's satire fear.
Yet tho' the theme's the Golden Age,
Or Nature's picture fills the page;
Tho' flow'ry spring, in all her pride,
Blooms here as tho' she ne'er had died,
'Mid verdant lawn; or poet's verse,
Which oft a hero's deeds rehearse;
Tho' freshest flow'rs or chaplets gay,
And many a verse of sprightly fay,
Shall charm the sense or speed the hour;
Still each soft dream must lose its power,

Unless with kind and lib'ral hearts
You throw aside satiric darts.
Lose not your time in prying o'er
To find the faults of modern lore,
But musing look, 'twas meant to pass
An hour for laddie or for lass.
Then as you please shall speed along,
Ah! lend your aid in prose or song.

REMEMBRANCE.

In expectation's sanguine hour
How many dreams of fancied joy,
Like to the new-blown vernal flow'r,
Awake our senses to decoy!

So are my thoughts when turn'd to thee:
Hope sometimes leads my mind astray,
Yet to remembrance let me flee,
Like to the sun at dawning day.

CONTENT. A Pastoral.

What maid is yon, with brow so fair,
Her auburn ringlets waving bright,
Her step so gay, so free from care?
E'en her appearance gives delight.

Content is yonder maiden's name,
And bright her eye, and sweet her mien;
Unknown she lives from bustling fame,
In rural cottage mostly seen.

She aids the weary lab'rer home,
Spreads with delight his humble board;
But seldom seen 'neath palace dome,—
Yet by all ranks she is ador'd.

Then come, Content, and be my friend,
To humble scenes with thee I fly;
In grateful homage to thee bend,
Then come, and check the rising sigh.

THE SUN'S LAST BEAM.*

Ah! how my heart expanded wide,
The evening Sun was glowing,
Its ray fell by the lake's blue side,—
To view, we ceas'd our rowing.

Its faint beam brighten'd as it fell,
Its glory round us playing;
It burnish'd mountain, plain, and dell—
On the bank's green side 'twas laying.

Its last light quiver'd o'er the scene,
Methought its radiance bright—
An Angel wav'd his glorious beam
Amidst his heavenly flight.

* Written during a boat excursion.

A FRAGMENT.

THE Warrior is come, the battle is o'er,
And Victory waves her red wing o'er the shore;
The martial notes sound o'er the castle's high walls,
And the hero's lov'd name resounds thro' his halls.
The fair maidens advance, the song is resounding,
And garlands of flowers are strewing around him.
Hark! hark! to that shout—he is near! he is come!
The Warrior once more is return'd to his home.
From his foam-cover'd steed he essays to alight,
But chill'd, chill'd is his heart, and dim, dim grows his sight.
From the gash on his brow the blood is descending,
And low, low on his breast his head it is bending.
His MARIAN rushes in woe's frantic haste,
And the Warrior sinks in her tender embrace.
He is gone! he is gone! but his last look was love,
And his spirit has flown to the regions above.

WHAT LOVE YE?

Oh ! love ye not to list the Breeze,
As it sighs across the lake,
And kisses low the quiv'ring trees,
And whispers thro' the brake ?
And love ye not the Moonlight Hour,
When its ray is o'er the sea,
And tinges bright thy lonely bow'r,
As it smiles o'er the lea ?

Oh ! love ye not the Watery Spray,
As it dashes to the sky,
And, shining in the moonlight ray,
Like silvery stars they fly?
And love ye not the Breakers' roar,
When the moonbeam's flitting by,
When the waves roll lightly o'er the shore,
And the wind is sighing nigh?

And love ye not the early Morn,
When the dew is glitt'ring bright,
And the drops sparkling on the thorn,
And all is peaceful, calm, and light?
And love ye not sweet Nature's sounds
In the still, quiet, ev'ning hour,
When the dim ray each scene embow'rs,
And Eve has clos'd each flower?

When the sounds come stilly thro' th' air,
And the herds are lowing low,
Ah! that's the time to banish care,
And light, lightly think of woe.
When the balmy breeze is sweeping by,
Then muse on some lost friend,
And fancy 'tis their spirit's sigh,
As from the skies they bend.

A FRAGMENT.

I've sat entranc'd beneath the starry rays,
And mus'd on former and on happier days,
When the light spirits, peaceful in their mirth,
Thought only on those joys which live on earth;
Thought not of ills, of lov'd ones banish'd far,
Nor dreamt of ought this blissful scene could mar.
Chang'd is that dream: alone I bend my way,
When eve draws o'er the scene her shade of grey,
To yon dark rock; in pensive thought I rest,
And still the wild emotions of my breast.
Alone I listen to the night-wind's sigh,
And think on all the joys of infancy;
List to the wild wave breaking o'er the shore,
And glad my spirit in the wat'ry roar.
Ah! yes, I've sat, and thought on friends and home;
Thought on those lov'd ones, who were forc'd to roam;

Thought on those forms once grac'd with health and
youth,
Whose hearts I honour'd for their matchless truth;
And then the wild thoughts come, and cloud my brow,
And whisp'ring grief will ask, where are they now?
Too quick the answer: rest my throbbing heart—
Who bade those lov'd ones and thyself to part?
One! One! who knows alone whate'er is right,
In mercy hides the future from thy sight.
This world is not a world of happiness;
The other is a world surpassing bliss.
Then would I keep them here? Ah! no: farewell!
Lie still my heart, nor dare thy grief to tell.
Tho' all are gone, one thought forbids despair;
I look to Heaven, and hope to meet them there.

SAY, DID HE FALL UNWEPT?

BENEATH a foreign clime he died,
With not one kindred near;
Nought mourn'd around his humble bed,
Or sooth'd his lowly bier.
There was a sigh went sweeping on,
And bent it o'er his tomb;
'Twas but the wild wind whistling by
Amid the nightly gloom.

There was a smile gleam'd o'er that grave,
And pensive play'd around;
And it lit with a mournful light
That lonely spot of ground.
Oh! 'twas but the moonbeam smiling,
To think his soul had rest;
For his heart was pure and guileless,
And honour fill'd his breast.

There was a drop that fell beside
That low and lonely mound;
It seem'd as though some mourner wept
Upon that mossy ground.
Was it a tear? Ah! no! 'twas nought,
Nought save the dashing spray,
Which, wafted by the evening breeze,
Upon its bosom lay.

But did that wand'rer fall unwept,
And was he mourn'd by none?
Was there no tear-drop shed for him,
And did he die alone?
He died alone: no kindred hand
Was there to soothe that hour;
But joy to tell, he died in peace,
He knew not sin's sad pow'r.

Yes! there are hearts which weep for him;
They feel—not show their grief.
His memroy is by far too dear
For tears to bring relief.
And there are lips which speak of him,
But not to stranger's ear;
For strangers cannot feel for him,
Although they shed the tear.

And though he died so far away,
Though Eastern gales around him play;
Yet there are hearts which weep his doom,
And sighs which cannot reach his tomb.
And there are thoughts which round him wait,
And hopes which will not bend to fate.
Oh! no! those hopes are plac'd on high!
They reach beyond the boundless sky,
And dream, amid this cheerless earth,
Of a far happier, brighter birth.

MEMORY.

HAIL! Mem'ry: oft a soother of my woe,
Thou bidst these phantom scenes around me flow.
'Tis true thou raisest visions to the eye,
Dreams of lost friends, which oft create the sigh.
And yet I love these dreams of parted bliss
Mem'ry calls forth, and fancy aids to dress
These scenes where friendship once with tender gaze
Allured my wand'ring thoughts, and blest my days.
Blest, did I say? Alas! the tear will rise
Uncheck'd, unbidden, heaves my breast with sighs.
Friendship! that name—I honour it far more
Than all the brilliant dross of worldling's store.
But not that friendship, which but breathes to-day,
Expands too soon, then sinks into decay.
That friendship I would prize must live for years;
Must soothe in sorrow, and e'en smile 'mid tears.

Such, such was EMMA's. Oh! forgive, my friend,
These falling tears which friendship's visions send.
Come, Mem'ry, then, to me, delightful maid;
On hov'ring wing attend, and lend thy aid.
And Fancy, too, with Pity's tender tear,
Soothe, soothe me, whilst I weep on EMMA's bier.
Recall each word, each tender look and tone,
And EMMA's image raise, now EMMA's flown.
For ah! thy seraph spirit soars on high,
Too pure for earth, a blossom from the sky.
Go, then, I bid thee go, friend of my heart;
To know thee blest, robs sorrow of her dart;
And if permitted here on earth to glide,
Rouse me from sin, and ev'ry folly chide.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

Oh! Ellen, how vainly I thought
My love and affection to show,
And once imagined that nought
But death could divide us below.

Vain thoughts, they are fading like day,
So sunk are my visions of bliss;
And fast, fast is melting away
Each smile of my lost happiness.

My home and my Ellen were all
I fondly imagin'd was mine:
The brightest star often must fall,
And its rising be clouded like mine.

The sun which shines bright through the day,
  Sinks gently to slumbery rest,
While far, far, is painted its ray,—
  It bends to the ocean's caress.

So calm, and so placidly mild,
  Smiles the Baby, as ev'ning draws nigh:
Ah! happy and innocent Child,
  Sleep unruffl'd by tear or by sigh.

The moonbeam shines bright from above,
  And silvery tips o'er the trees;
Each scene seems contentment and love,
  As hush'd by the whisp'ring breeze.

But what is the sunshine to me?
  Its set or its rise is the same:
No lov'd one admiring will see,
  And join in far wafting its fame.

The moonbeam so softly may smile,
  And shed its mild ray o'er the lake,
And add charms to yon ruin'd pile,
  Which silently bends to its fate.

But what is the moonbeam to me?
Alone shall I watch and admire
Its quiv'ring ray o'er the tree,
And shades in fantastic attire?

The ivy still clings to the wall,
The waters still sigh at its base,
Each seems to lament for the fall
And the pride of that once gallant race.

Farewell to the pride of Glenmore;
Ah! soon must *that* ruin decay:
No longer its shelt'ring door
The wandering minstrel will pay.

No more will the harp he so priz'd,
Resound to the echoing touch;
Whilst his voice, as it trembling dies,
Yields alone to the praises of worth.

But who will lament for my fall?
Say, say, who will weep o'er my bier?
Does merriment sound in my hall?
Is my absence bewail'd with a tear?

The sun will resume its bright course,
The moonbeam will smile in its pride,
When low, low is buried my corse,
And the hoarse wind howls shrill by my side.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

Welcome, sweet Fancy, to my youthful breast!
Be ever near me when my heart's opprest.
With thee, I wander o'er the flow'ry lawn;
With thee, I greet the blithe return of morn;
With thee, I trace the rich bespangl'd sky;
With thee I pause upon the night-wind's sigh.
How oft I 've listen'd to the pealing bell,
Whose silv'ry tone sweet echoes thro' the dell;
Then, lost to worldly cares and worldly thought,
Pensive the lonely thicket's side I 've sought;
Mus'd upon aught which wayward Fancy lent,
And felt, O bliss! the blessing of content.
When Ev'ning's veil in gentle pace descends,
And list'ning Silence o'er the valley bends,
Then, then, I wind my way through yonder wood,
Whose tow'ring trees have through flown ages stood;

Whose spreading arms still court the breath of Heav'n,
And bend in thanks for ev'ry zephyr giv'n.
Calm, soft, and still the air, till odorous scent
Is wafted round, by balmy breezes lent.
Where, where, is Fancy? still I court her aid,
And welcome to my arms the gifted Maid.
How oft, when seated on the mossy ground,
And all, save Nature's sounds, are still around;
The breeze soft whistling through the leafy spray,
The pebbl'd waters dancing in the ray;
With eager eyes I 've rov'd o'er ev'ry scene,
And follow'd quick through Fancy's busy dream;
Thought of each legend and repeated tale
Of lofty castle, and of lowly dale,
Which oft in childhood's hour I lov'd to hear—
The tale which caus d the secret, pleasing fear;
Sat till each scene in soft delusion bound,
And Fancy almost fairyliz'd the ground;
Till feelings flow'd too quick to be defin'd,
And Fancy's flights o'erpow'r'd the reasoning mind;
Sat, till each sense in fanci'd bliss confin'd,
Till starting tears reliev'd the swelling mind.

II.

THE Moon soft smiling into rest
Upon the billows' silv'ry breast,
And Nature seems serenely sweet:
'Tis such a night as Fairies meet.
The spangled sky, expanding wide,
E'en brightest jewels might deride;
The lowly bleating of the herd,
The soft, melodious, midnight bird,
The tall, majestic, silv'ry trees,
As slowly bending to the breeze,
Admit the light of yon blue sky;
Again the spot in shadows lie.
Ah! 'tis a charm that swells my breast,
And bids conflicting passions rest;
And pride's warm glow, and sorrow's chain,
Ah! would they'd ne'er usurp again.

III.

WHAT, when ling'ring o'er the mountain,
Decks the smiling landscape bright?
Or, reclining by the fountain,
Gilds the scene with pure delight?

What tips the clouds with azure gold,
When the sun reclines to rest?
When ev'ning sheds her ample fold,
And sinks upon the ocean's breast?

Methinks, 'tis Fancy's lovely form
Turns each scene to magic bright;
Rejoic'd, with her I'll breathe the morn,
And enjoy each rural sight.

IV.

Come, Hope! thou fearful, tender maid,
To cheer my heart, ah! lend thy aid.
Dispel the sadly gath'ring tear;
Thy presence to my soul is dear.
When friends are gone, and I'm alone,
And all my comfort's from me flown,
Oh! then, to Hope I'll wing my way—
My sorrows from my heart she'll stay.
Hope from my breast shall drive despair;
With Hope I'll breathe a fresher air,
And forward look o'er all my grief,
For Hope shall bring me glad relief.

TELL, WHERE IS JOY?

TELL, where is Joy? beneath the blooming bow'r?
Say, does she live in Beauty's laughing eyes?
Ah! no, she sinks from thence, like faded flow'r,
And, like the summer breeze, takes wing, and flies!

Beauty must fade, the brightest bloom decay,
And laughing eyes grow dull with pain and care;
And all the graces swift will flee away,
And blithesome spirits own the fiend Despair.

Tell, where is Joy? Lives she in Music's sphere?
Say, does she dwell in Science' lofty dome?
Dwells she in soft Compassion's trembling tear?
Does tender Pity claim with her a home?

Grandeur invites her to his sparkling hall,
Whose golden dome reflects a thousand sides;
She hears, but heeds not, his repeated call,
And scorns the offer of his jewell'd bribes.

Where, where, is Joy? Lives she in lovers' sighs,
In vows of faith, in interchange of hearts,
In maidens' blushes, and in youths' bright eyes?
Ah! no; for e'en from them she soon departs.

Where does she dwell? In dark monastic gloom,
Whose tow'ring walls preclude the light of day?
There, where the prison'd wretch pines o'er his doom,
Whose sick'ning soul sighs, sighs, to soar away?

Ah! no; from thence with eager speed she flies,
As if contagion lurk'd within the halls;
And, trembling, glances with averted eyes;
And, shudd'ring, scans those dark entombing walls.

Seek, seek, her not on earth: 'tis all a dream.
Her visits short, how transient, and how few!
Bright, gay, and sparkling as the summer beam,
Or as the glitter on the morning dew.

WRITTEN ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY EARLY IN SPRING.

Say, thou little beauteous stranger,
Wherefore on thy airy wing?
Dost thou court the coming danger
Of the scarcely blooming Spring?

Breezes rough will play around thee,
Aided by the sudden rain;
Partial sunbeams but deceive thee,
And I watch thy flight with pain.

Heedless childhood soon pursues thee,
Canst thou 'scape that youthful hand,
And swift, with thoughts instinctive flee,
From that little playful band?

And if thou dost, a few short days
Will blight thy beauteous glow;
Will banish all thy sparkling rays,
And bring thy vaunted colours low.

Ah! thus is our short day of life
Scarcely op'd to blooming spring,
Ere 'tis set with care and strife;
For each morn its dangers bring.

What supports us midst the trials
Which around our flight are plac'd,
Where our wishes meet denials
From those pleasures scarce we taste?

It is Eternity's bright ray,
Where the soul will freely roam;
It is that everlasting day,
Which conducts us to our home.

Bright, bright, above the skies we'll range,
In immeasurable joy;
Ah! say, my soul, then would'st thou change
With this rich, but fleeting toy?

For this must vanish, when the day
  Shall close upon its sparkling wing;
But my soul shall soar away
  To where the Seraphs ever sing.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Moon, wherefore dost thou nightly rise?
To show the glory of the skies.

Bright Sun! who made and bade thee shine?
The One alone who is divine.

Speak, Truth, where is thy dwelling-place?
Before the Heaven's awful race.

Say, Flowers, wherefore live and die?
To show 'tis vain for life to sigh.

Fair Stars, why do ye sparkling shine?
Because we were the Saviour's sign.

Waters! why do ye ebb and flow?
The Hand that made us bade us so.

Who plac'd the Rainbow in the sky?
The One whose Word will never die.

Speak, Death! what lies beneath the tomb?
The brightest day—or, darkest gloom.

ODE TO SPRING.

All hail! to Spring's delightful hours,
Her glowing charms, and budding bow'rs,
And streamlets wand'ring slow;
The meadow drest in verdant green,
And every living object seems
In richer charms to glow.

With joy the little warblers soar,
And forth their tuneful praises pour,
To greet each herb and flow'r;
The vallies, drest in pride's array,
Bring forth new beauties every day,
Nurs'd by bright beam and show'r.

Say, are there hearts which feel not this,
Who do not smile with Nature's bliss,
But heedless pass her by?
Is there a heart, tho' touch'd by woe,
Which smiles not on this heav'n below?
'Twould raise their thoughts on high.

For mid each charm which op'ning blows,
The lilies pale, or blushing rose,
Or scented eglantine,
Each whispers of a higher source,
The One who guides the torrent's course,
The Hand which is divine.

Say, who can doubt that God of love,
Who rules the rolling orbs above,
And bids the seasons change,
To pour their riches o'er the land?
Say, who can doubt his guiding hand,
Or curb his wondrous range?

Yes, look with stedfast eye around;
Behold all Nature's lengthen'd bound,
And let thy heart rejoice.
The billows roar,—the pebbly stream,—
The copse,—the mountain,—all, I deem,
Proclaim Him with one voice.

Oh! why should man be backward found,
When bright creation all around
Is singing clear his praise.
Methinks each simple herb which grows,
And every balmy bud that blows,
With thanks their beauties raise.

EARLY REMEMBRANCES.

Methinks I see that valley now,
Its pebbl'd streams and woody brow,
  Its copse of varied green;
The dells where wild the primrose grew,
Which gently bent with morning dew,—
  Oh! those were charms, I deem.

When, with young playmates in the wood,
On mossy banks how oft I've stood,
  To pluck the violet pale;
When tir'd with sport, upon the ground,
Where various buds were strew'd around,
  We've told the pleasing tale.

Yes, those are charms which infants know,
To list the tales of fictious woe,
  And feel their minds expand,
As they relate the gen'rous deed
Of sorrow sav'd at utmost need,
  By some kind lib'ral hand.

Methinks I now could trace the wave,
Which o'er the clear bright pebbles lave
With pleasing melody.
Oft, when a child, I've musing stole
To where the torrents wildly roll,
And listless sat me nigh;

Whilst fairy visions seem'd to rise,
I'd gaze upon the clear blue skies,
And think what lay beyond.
And then, amid this fancy dream,
To muse me on those friends I deem
So very kind and fond.

But soon the starting tear would tell
I'd heard that bitter word, Farewell!
From one I fondly love;
Where are they now? My infant thought
Would whisper what it had been taught—
Their spirit lives above.

And then in pleasing sadness home
With garlands wild and gifts I'd come,
And think myself most gay.
Ah! those are hours my sad thoughts give;
Within my mem'ry fond they live,
Those visions of a day.

The flow'rs renew their faded hue,
They still bloom on in beauty true,
In that sweet lovely dale;
Still murmurs slow the willow'd brook,
Although I have its banks forsook,
Mid that sequester'd vale.

Perchance, I ne'er shall see again
Its lofty trees, and smiling plain,
And mossy banks of ease;
No longer list the torrent's flow,
Or sit, with careless heart, below
The shade-bestowing tree.

No longer wreathe the flow'ry chain,
No longer echo back again
The cuckoo as I rove;
No longer list that pebbly stream;—
I've bade a last farewell, I deem,
To mountain, plain, and grove.

ADDRESSED TO

TO MY FRIEND MRS. H——,

ON HEARING HER BITTERLY REGRET THE DEATH OF HER INFANT.

WEEP not, my Friend, his spirit soars
Beyond the reach of pain:
Oh! check that wild, maternal grief,
He cannot come again.

Believe this little blossom sav'd
From earthly grief and woe;
Above is bliss,—pure, rich, and true,—
But think what dwells below.

Temptation in its num'rous forms
He never now can know;
Ingratitude he ne'er can feel,
Nor envy's subtle blow.

Oh! yes, the change is glorious:
And think amid the skies
His seraph spirit watches now,
To soothe his mothers' sighs.

Oh! rear the rest thy GOD has spared,
With fond and anxious eye;
With heav'nly wisdom feast their souls,
That they may dwell on high.

Oh! teach their little hearts to rise
Above each earthly joy,
That when their GOD shall summons them
To join thy infant boy,

They may be found amid the throng
Who press his mercy-seat;
Then will their spirits fond, tho' changed,
Their infant brother greet.

But they must pass a changeful scene,
Ere this pure state is theirs;
Their bosoms wrung with many pangs
Of aching hopes and fears.

And they, perchance, may see each dream
Their hearts too fondly prize,
In fleeting visions flee away
Before their tearful eyes.

And friends may sleep, and worldlings frown
Upon their adverse fate:
Oh! speak, dear Mourner, speak and say,
Which is the happier state?

Fancy thou dost behold that form,
Which you regret so deep,—
Its gentle spirit long ere now
Has flown from earthly sleep.

Within its Heavenly Father's arms
It smiles in purest joy;
Oh! kneel, and thank that Father's care,
Who took thy infant boy.

THE VILLAGER'S STORY.

THE ev'ning tint was softly stealing o'er
The lofty mount, low vale, and pebbl'd shore;
Along the bosom of the mighty deep
A thousand varied colours seem'd to sleep;
The dancing waves in brilliant beauties glow,
And murmur forth their praises as they flow.
Stretch'd to the right a lowly vale was seen,
Whose lofty sides were deck'd with vary'd green;
Whose brow was crown'd by many a woody dell,
Whilst thro' the vale rolled slow the lucid rill.
Now rises through that vale the distant hum
Of jocund rustics, as they homeward come,
Crown'd with the yellow harvest of the day,
Which glances bright beneath the ev'ning ray,—
Onward they come, old age and laughing youth,
The merry joker, and the sober truth;
And childhood, too, with hearts of careless joy,
The timid girl, the danger-vaunting boy.

Behold them seated at their eve's repast,
Stretch'd at their ease amid the waving grass;
Mirth and good-humour thro' the group prevail,
They tell the joke, and quaff the flowing ale.
But one seem'd sad—the Master of the feast;
And all would deem that he should grieve the least.
Unbidden would the tear too often rise,
And oft his breast was heav'd with anguish'd sighs.
At last, unable to conceal his grief,
He sought, 'mid friendship's balm, to find relief;
And turning to a hoary-headed man,
In simple words his story thus began.

"Alas! my friend, how many years have past
"Since EDWARD, of my blooming boys the last,
"Left his dear home, for distant lands I deem!
"Ne'er from the parting moment was he seen.
"Dear, did I say? Ah! no: he could not love
"His parent's home, or wherefore should he rove?
"Unkindness he ne'er met with 'neath this roof,
"And scarce for youthful follies one reproof.
"He never, perhaps, had left me thus alone,
"Had I with kind, but unrelenting tone,
"Reprov'd those follies which but end in strife,
"And led him to embrace a sailor's life;
"For such he was, when last I sadly prest
"My poor misguided child, and fondly blest

" My weeping boy—for he could weep: his heart
" Was free from guilt, tho' folly own'd a part.
" My only wish, to see my boy once more—
" Ah! would that he could reach his native shore;
" For well I feel assur'd he'd gladly come,
" And rest beneath his once forsaken home.
" Joyful I'd stretch my arms, and bid him rest,
" And fold my wand'rer to my anxious breast.
" Year after year, I've look'd for him in vain:
" I ne'er shall see my EDWARD back again,
" For perhaps he lives not—long ere this my child
" Has found a tomb amid the billows wild;
" Ah! long ere this, my hapless EDWARD's grave
" Has been beneath the death-bestowing wave;
" And I must sink, bereft of all I love.
" Teach, teach, me fortitude, oh! GOD above.
" I've liv'd in hope, I will not then despair,
" Or shed the murm'ring and rebellious tear;
" Thou gavest all,'tis thine to take from hence!—
" Oh! grant me faith, thou great Omnipotence."

Whilst thus he spake, the tears would frequent flow
With sorrow's gush, or warm devotion's glow;
One moment, with a parent's anxious fear,
He'd seem to weep upon his EDWARD's bier;
The next his eye was rais'd with hope to Heav'n,
And thanks for mercies which his GOD had giv'n.

Till as he pass'd, his eye was bent on one,
Whose strong resemblance to his absent son
Had drawn his feelings with unwonted force
To trace his sorrows in their hapless course.
This man had join'd them at the break of day;
A stranger's claims, he's kindly bade to stay:
He seem'd more old in grief than aged in years,
And had that nameless look, which oft endears
The man of sorrow to the feeling mind;
That look which whisper'd of a heart resign'd
To this world's grief—for he had felt its force,
And wept in secret o'er its hidden source.
And some there were, who thro' that busy day
Had mark'd the kind attention he would pay
That aged man; for he most anxious seem'd
To aid his task; and some there were who deem'd
That they had often seen the starting tear,
But quick the stranger, when he found them near,
Would brush his 'kerchief o'er his heated brow,
Or o'er the golden sheaves would lowly bow,
As though he seem'd intent on that alone:
He'd speak with careless, tho' a trembling, tone.
Each simple rustic whisper'd his belief,
He was a wand'rer, and a man of grief;
And many kindly looks, and kindly tone,
Felt by the artless and the pure alone,

Were shown to him; for there are some
Who feel that little magic word—my home—
In its full force; and, having that bright spot,
They feel and grieve for those who have it not;
And seek by winning, kind attentions dear,
The hapless mourner on his path to cheer.
Yet he partook not of their village fare,
But sat alone, with sad and listless air;
But ever and anon his eyes were rais'd,
And fix'd with ardent and attentive gaze
Upon the Master of that lab'ring throng,
Who jocund speed their time with mirth and song,
But when with all a father's heartfelt woe,
Check'd only by the tears, which sadly flow,—
Check'd only by the sighs, which sorrows send,—
The aged man address'd his list'ning friend;
Twas then the stranger, from the secret spot,
Where, all forgetting, and by all forgot,
He long had listen'd to this tale of woe,
His tears of warm repentance 'gan to flow;
With one warm impulse, nerv'd by feeling strong,
He rush'd amid the simple, wond'ring throng.
"My father! bless"—his lips refuse the rest:
"My child!"—he sinks upon his EDWARD's breast.

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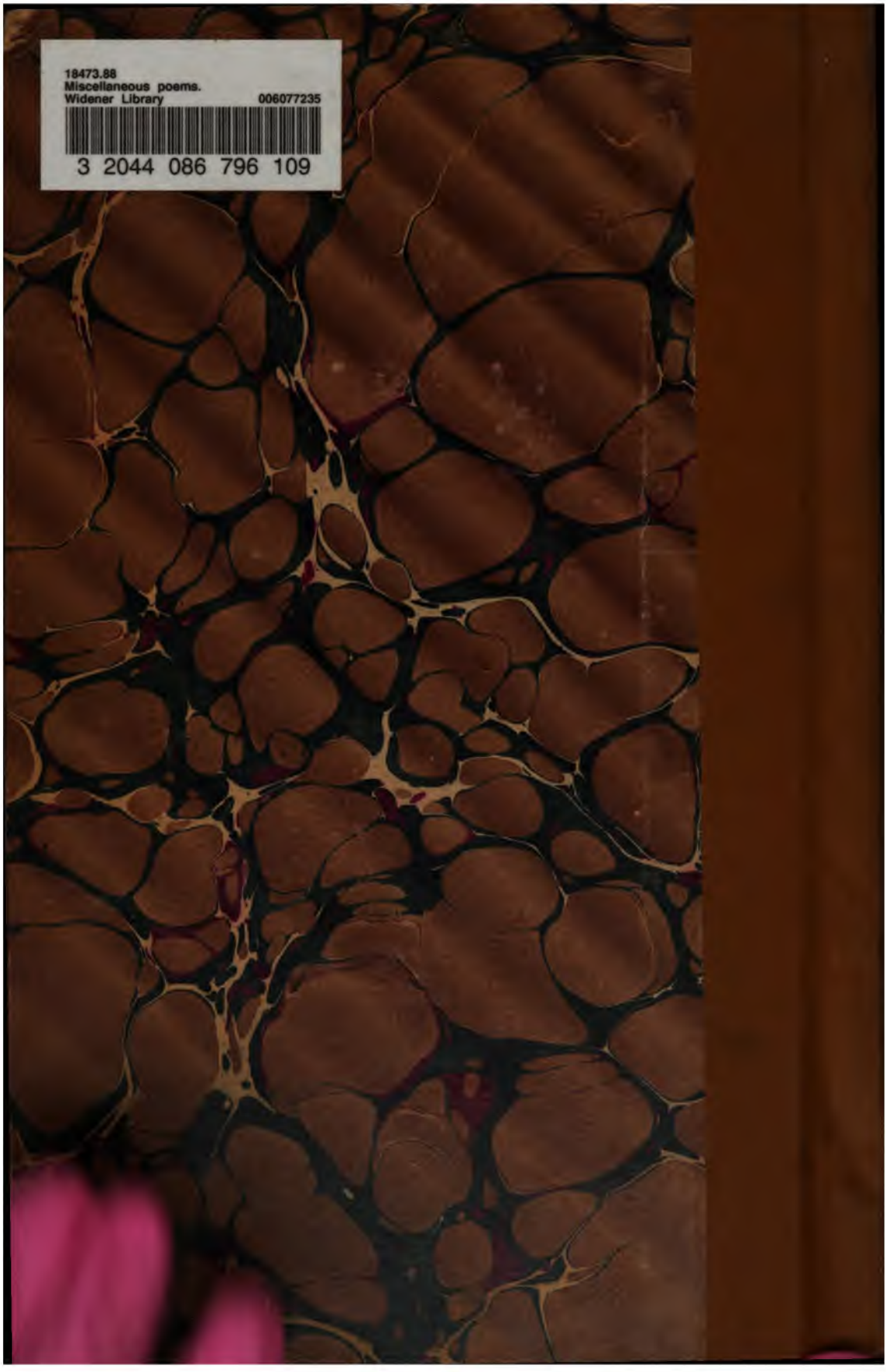
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